263

# Merry Christmas


# Agawam Mirror

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Pictured above are the officers of the National Honor Society. Left to right are Nancy Cirillo, secretary; Arthur Foley, treasurer; Norma Cirillo, vice-president; and Robert Oppenheimer, president.

## National Honor Society Honored At Assembly Held November 8

The members of the National Honor Society were honored at an upperclass assembly on November 8. The Dean of Admissions at Westfield State College, Mr. Edward P. Welch, spoke on the future promise for the young people of today and also on what can be done now. He told of how many famous and talented people had formulated theories, written books and plays, and in many ways contributed to the world around them at a comparatively early age. The speaker emphasized the fact that no matter how young a person is, he can do something for the good of humanity.

After the assembly the members were guests at a social hour in Room 6. Mrs. Kelley and Miss Smith, the advisors to the society, helped serve refreshments. Members of the faculty attended also and chatted informally with the members.

The National Honor Society is made up of seniors who are elected late in their junior year. They must have an overall average of 85† for their first three years of high school

(Continued On Page Four)

## No Record Winner

Last month's issue of the *Mirror* did not have a record winner, due to the fact that no one claimed the record. The *Mirror* strongly suggests that when you get your copy of the paper, tear off the masthead and number in case the winner is not announced until the following day. Because the office would prefer not to use the intercom system in the afternoon, the winner is sometimes not announced until the following day.

A reminder: SAVE the masthead and number of this month's issue of the *Mirror*. There will be two winners this month.

## KID PARTY

The traditional Senior Class Kid Party will be held on Saturday, December 21 from 8 to 11 p.m. in the school cafeteria. Seniors, dressed in outfits closely resembling those of young children, will attend. Santa Claus (John Klenakis) will be present and a large Christmas tree will decorate the cafeteria. A prize will be awarded for the most original costume. Popular records will provide background music.

Committee chairman elected at a meeting of the senior class are as follows: general chairmen, Judith Bonkowski and Joseph DiDonato; chairman of the decorations committee, Jeanne Daubitz; chairman of the refreshment committee, Jean Voislow; and chairman of the publicity and invitation committee, Sharon Strole. Seniors may join the committee of their choice.

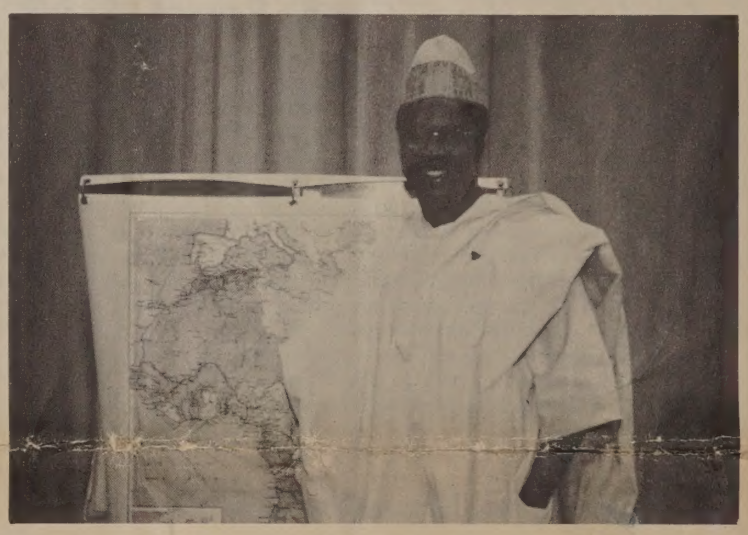
## Senior Class Presents Play

Provided with an unexpected somber setting, the senior play, *The Diary of Anne Frank,* was presented Friday, November 22, after a moment of silence in respect to the late President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The play was not cancelled because the theme was one of seriousness, dealing with the lives of people hiding from the Nazis. The solemn tradegy added a great deal of atmosphere to the tragic play.

Miss Marieb, the play's director, estimated the audience at more than 400. Plans to perform the play again at a later date were abandoned due to the busy Christmas schedule.

Many long hours of rehearsal were evident in the talented performance given by the seniors. The acting and timing were excellent as was the lighting.

The characterizations of Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan, a couple tense after two long years of hiding in an attic, were ably developed by Tommy Daigneau and Martha Sharritt. Peter, Anne, and Margot, played by Billy Higgins, Judy Bonkowski, and Sharon Strole respectively seemed to have stepped out of the script and onto the stage. Teddy Affleck played Mr. Dussell to a "T" while Mr. and Mrs. Frank, protrayed by Bub Salmonsen and Gale Cote, were the mature, sensible people who lived during the 1940's. Miep and Mr. Kraler were admirably portrayed by Marsha Della-Giustina and Gary Hodge as the couple who were so helpful and who brought some joy to those hiding.



Mr. Livinus Azubike Ukachi uses a world map to illustrate a point during assembly.

## Operetta Tryouts Held

As Christmas approaches, the members of the various choruses are eagerly looking forward to the operetta. Tryouts for the major parts and the supporting roles were held on December 10 and 12.

Anyone who wished to could try out for the parts. Although there are not too many major roles, a large chorus will be needed.

The tryouts were very successful and this year's operetta promises to be one of the best that has ever been presented by Agawam High. See you there!

*Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.*

— HENRY BROOKS ADAMS

Christmas scenes decorate the windows of the faculty dining area. Artists were Billy Higgins and Barbara Tatro.

## Nigerian Customs, Culture Explained At Assembly

Agawam High School was both educated and entertained by Mr. Livinus Azubike Ukachi, a native from Nigeria, in one of the most interesting and informative assemblies of the year on December 12 and 13.

His first visit to an American high school, Mr. Ukachi spoke about the various customs and cultures of Africa. He illustrated Nigerian musical culture through interpretive dances before the student body. He also discussed the practice of polygamy, the eight day week by the moon, the educational structure, and several sports of his country.

He explained that his native dress, *agbada,* a light-colored costume of lightweight material, was in accordance with the tropical climate of Africa, pointing out the exact location of his "cosmopolitan" birthplace of Port Harcourt, Nigeria, along the Gold Coast on a map of Africa.

He was received enthusiastically by the entire student body, which gained an appreciation of a life completely different from that experienced in the United States.

At the conclusion of the assembly program, Mr. Skolnick presented to Mr. Ukachi a regulation Agawam High School jacket and made him an honorary

(Continued On Page Five)

## Agawam Mirror Staff

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## COMMENDABLE EFFORTS

As the school year approaches the mid-way point, you should feel some pride in your conduct as a student body. The year has passed with only a few minor infractions of the rules and with a healthy relationship between students and faculty. By doing your best now, you will be rewarded in the long run.

As the merry Christmas season comes, take time to think of others as individuals and to do your best to be kind, for ""Tis the season to be jolly." It might be valuable for you to make several New Year's resolutions with your school work in mind. "I shall do my best to actively participate in school functions; I shall attempt to do better work through greater effort and thus achieve good marks; and I shall obey all of the school rules." If you make these resolutions and carry them out, the second half of the school year will be as successful as the first half has been. Have a Merry Christmas and healthful New Year!

M.J.S.

## Students Have Good School Spirit

The response to the Senior Play this year was very encouraging; however, with more dramatic productions coming up, now is a good time to give all those connected with these productions their due consideration. During rehearsal time, both the leading and the supporting characters devote as much time and effort as does a team member of a sport. For some reason these productions never seem to draw the crowd that a sport does. It may well be that the production is of a different nature, but recognition must be given to those people whose talents lie in a different field. The lack of rumble-tumble or extreme competition should not have any bearing upon the support given. The result achieved may not be as spectacular as that of a sport since the production is generally over within two nights — an anticlimax after months of rehearsal. By attending the Interclass Play competition and the operetta "Bells Are Ringing", we can prove our good sportsmanship as a good school citizen and compliment through recognition all people who take part in these productions.

M.J.S.

## Support for Basketball and Hockey

The Yuletide season has come bringing with it the end of a highly successful football season, but the excitement and joy accompanying this season still linger on; therefore we must carry over into the new year the enthusiasm and cheer to our basketball and hockey season, and we must resolve to make the approaching sports season as stimulating as our football games have been. At rallies we must outdo ourselves in spirit; at games we must outdo ourselves in sportsmanship. We must give the basketball and hockey players the utmost assurance that they have our support; we must not for a moment suppose that our sports season has ended with football. The results of this resolution will be rewarding and satisfying to players and spectators alike.

S.L.C.

## School Is My Pride

"The Thread That Runs So True" began by telling the readers of Jesse Stuart's experiences while teaching at a place known as Lonesome Valley. This school was very small and the pupils were rough. There was one boy named Guy Hawkins who was a very rough boy and thought that everyone should bow down to him. He never paid attention in class. He always had wise remarks to say. This kind of person should be taught a lesson in good conduct.

I go to school to learn. I'll admit I don't like it at times, but at least I pay attention in class. A pupil is in school to learn in order to make America proud of him. School is a wonderful thing to me. I often say I wish I could stay home and not bother going to that jail. As I read "The Thread That Runs So True" I started wondering what the world would be like if we didn't have any schools. I am glad I live in the United States where we can learn what we would like to study. School comes hard to me because I am very slow in learning things, but I try my best and I study every night because I want to learn. I want to know how to speak correctly, learn about my country and understand the little every day news items in the daily papers about people having trouble in their country.

I think that pupils should respect their teachers, and mind them, and do as they say. While reading the life of Mr. Stuart, I realize how hard his job was and how hard he worked. I've learned to respect my teachers and behave in class from that book. I recommend that book for any high school pupil who thinks the teachers are "for the birds". Maybe it will teach them what it taught me — respect for my elders.

Marilyn Borgatti

## John F. Kennedy

Almighty Father, we have surrendered he
Who fought and died for us
Let not his valor nor his love
Be trampled in the dust

But take his soul and cradle it
With love and tender care
As we take his body strong
And bury it in the earth so bare

Harken to us, his people
As our prayers for him we give
And forgive him, Holy Father
For his sins while he didst live

For as long as the tide reaches the shore
And the skies continue to cry
With great leaders as our beloved Kennedy
America will never die.

Sandra Sliva

## Student Store Offers Bargains

Now that Christmas is drawing near, it would be wise to patronize the convenient student store. For a limited time only, in preparation for Christmas, the store is offering approximately a ten per cent discount on some merchandise.

Lightweight jackets come in beige background with brown and orange stripes on the front with the Agawam insignia on the right hand side. One of these jackets would make an ideal gift for nearly anyone. Now at the Christmas discount they are only $4.45.

Agawam regulation sweatshirts, both the gray hooded type and the navy blue collar type, were $2.75, but now are $2.47.

Both the jackets and the sweatshirts come in small, medium, and large sizes.

Certainly anyone could use a notebook. The student store is offering 69¢ notebooks at 60¢.

How about a few Agawam High ball point pens in Christmas stockings? Or even an Agawam pennant for decoration. All these gifts and more may be found at the store.

Why not stop in during any activity period and browse around? You may find just what you've been looking for!

## The Roving Reporter

**What do you want Santa Clause to bring you for Christmas?**

EDDIE HARASHUK — "a thousand baseball bats"

MARSHA DELLA GUISTINA — "a 100 on my Betty Crocker Test"

MR. SHEEHAN — "a new cadillac"

SUE GAGNON — "a Mickey Mouse hat"

BOB SALMONSEN — "Mammarabi's gold plated elephant tusk"

MR. PRESSEY — "my health"

ZENON STELMACK — "ha! ha! ha!"

MR. FASSNACHT — "a no-loss hockey season"

NANCY SCHMIDT — "a trip to Geneva"

CAROL ST. JOHN — "a boy"

JACK BELOVITZ — "a new tinker toy"

DONNA GAUNT — "D. W. from West Side"

PAULA MATHESON — "money-lined stockings"

LARRY SCHERPA — "a new teddy bear"

CRIS NELSON — "new ski boots"

DEBBIE LA CLERC — "a box of chocolates"

NORMAN LACASSE — "something special"

LINDA LANGEVIN — "a new roving reporter"

LINDA LLOYD — "Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer"

LEE NACEWICZ — "a 1913 Nash, a 1939 Desota, and a junkpile (?)"

BERNARD KLIMAJ — "a diamond for D.P."

DAVID FREDETTE — "a freshman girl in the commercial course with the initials S.E."

GINNY O'RIELLY — "a suntan"

BOB GINGRAS — "a sister to do the dishes"

ART CUSHING — "a set of skins"

TED AFFLECK — "a big kiss from Sherry"

BETSY EGGBERT — "my pen pal"

ROLAND BENJAMIN — "Santa's beard"

RICKY MORIN — "Santa's long underwear"

BONGI — "a new car"

RON CAVALLON — "King Sian's daughter's hand"

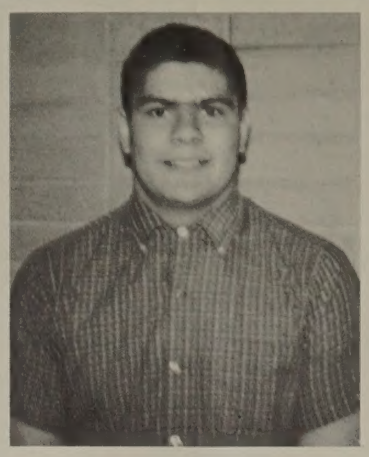
DIANNE MAKUCH — "a hummingbird"

LINDA PARCZEK — "a spoon"

CHERYL STRINISTE — "a butterfly"

BOB GUIDETTI — "a thousand Sheila Burnses"

SUSAN DUCLOS — "my license"



**Pictured above is John Klenakis whose column, "Dear Greek", will begin in our next issue. "Greek" will advise, among others, the lovelorn, the frustrated, and the just plain maladjusted! So if you have any pressing problems, compose a letter to "Dear Greek" and drop it off in Room 2.**

## Mr. Mazza Weds AHS Graduate

Arlene Ayers, a 1962 graduate of Agawam High School, and Peter D. Mazza, high school history teacher, were married on November 28, at St. Anthony of Padua church in a double ring ceremony.

The maid of honor was Miss Marcia Ayers. Bridesmaids at the wedding were Miss Terry Ayers, Miss Cathy Courmeoutes, Miss Pauline Maynard, Miss Lorraine Mazza, and Miss Diane Serrafini. Mr. Addian Serrafini was best man. Mr. Darrel Ashton, Mr. William Ayers, Mr. James Cavallo, Mr. Richard Ferranti, and Mr. John Petrone served as ushers.

Following the reception held at Tinti's in Agawam, Mr. and Mrs. Mazza left for their honeymoon in Arlington, Vermont.

## The Clothes Line

The holiday season is here again with its many gay parties and dances. Vervy velvets sparkle their way through these special holiday events. The predominant color is midnight black, along with emerald green, royal blue, and the traditional red. A bell skirt accents the most popular style. A bateau neckline dipping to a "V" in the back completes this fashion. Other party dresses have velveteen tops and and easy taffeta twill skirt of Celanese acetate. A final touch to this dress might be jet beads fringing the waist. Also in the velvet category is rayon velvet with the Syl-mer finish. A party dress of this material may be trimmed by a satin bow at the waistline. Not quite as fancy, but as stylishly beautiful are velvet "A" line jumpers with jewel necklines. These are often worn with crepe blouses in white or pastel colors.

Also in the spotlight this holiday season are skin-fitting evening dresses of crepe. This chic fashion is commonly found in petal pink. White mohair is still another stunning fashion.

To add a gala spirit to your evening life, a pink brocade clutch is a charming accessory. It is perfect to brighten black dresses.

Keep these many styles in mind when buying your dress for the holiday season.

*Cast away the bondage and the fear of rotten custom.*

— HARTLEY COLERIDGE

## SCENE AND HERD

MARGARET PADDOCK — it seems that you and Nancy Woods will never stop fighting!

JOHN VERANI — when are you going to start doing your history homework? Oh, I forgot, two weeks!!

DONNA WOOD — how did you get Jimmy's tie?? But, then, that's probably old stuff by now.

To DONNY CAVANAUGH it seems that freshman slaves are the latest fad!

CHERYL CABA — have you gotten your foot caught anywhere else besides English class lately?

There's a cute new couple around the school these days, namely ERIN SHEA and BILLY TURGEON.

RICKY MORIN — what's so interesting in Room 28 after second period?? It couldn't be Val, could it?

We hear that BILLY HAYES didn't *really* need that crutch!

SANDY WEIN — what happened to your voice at the Chicopee rally? It isn't *that* low!

JOANNE MEAGHER, please — no more bubble gum in geometry!!

ANN DEZIELLE finally got her license after three tries! Good work, Ann!

RICHIE FULVI enjoys those odd discussions in history class.

There's a pair of newly licensed drivers at our beloved school. STEVE OLIVO and BENJI! BEWARE!!!!

SHEILA DAHDAH — gym sure isn't what it used to be, is it?

The latest thing for football players is knee operations.

ART GINGRAS — too bad about you and SUSAN T.

RONNIE PENNA and SUE GOSS had a disagreement on whether they wanted to go to the Ice Capades or the Junior Cabaret. Sue won, Cabaret it was!!!

Another fad for our mad, mad boys is smoking pipes.

SENIORS will have one last fling as juveniles at the annual Kid Party — make the most of it!

## Is It Christmas?

The gifts beneath the glowing tree,
The caroling and gaiety,
The sliding in the cool, wet snow,
The kiss beneath the mistletoe.
The stores are decked with spirit rare,
Excitement fills the frosty air,
The streets are scorched with festive light,
As day is borne within the night.
The snowman sports his diamond crown,
And reigns supreme in Christmas town,
While children play and laugh with glee,
And happy people skate and ski.
Comes Christmas Eve and all is gay,
Each one prepares for Christmas day,
Soon all the children fall asleep,
And dream their dreams in slumber deep.
Comes Christmas day and all is well,
But is it Christmas — I can't tell,
Songs and laughter fill the air,
But few take time for one short prayer.
How many know, and truly see,
It's not the gifts and not the tree,
It's not the bells with joyous ring,
It's the birthday of the baby King.

Kathy Shepard

*A cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word.*

— EMERSON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# STUDENT CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

*Editor's Note*

*Creative writing by non-Journalism students has always appeared in the* Mirror. *It had been the practice to turn over two pages of a special Christmas issue to such creative writing. With this issue, the* Mirror *returns to this practice after a one-year suspension. On these pages and others will be found poems, essays, and short stories submitted by students either independently or through their English teachers. The* Mirror *extends its thanks and appreciation to both.*

## A Mountain Ordeal

As Bob wandered along the crooked mountain trails, he thought about this morning. He had gotten up at six o'clock. Looking through his window, he saw the red ball rising from behind the craggy mountains. The sun rose higher showing the sharp, jagged cliffs jutting out. He dressed hurriedly, and ate breakfast. He quickly fixed his lunch and took his rifle from the rack. He remembered what his father had said to him. "Never go into the mountains without a rifle." Since that day, he had never forgotten to take the rifle with him. Because of this he had saved a man's life by killing a mountain lion that had attacked the man. Outside the warm sunlight shone down upon the majestic mountains.

Suddenly Bob's daydream was broken as he tripped over a stone. Bob was a little angry at himself for not watching where he was going, but he was soon at ease with himself. The quietness of the day had a strange soothing effect and Bob was daydreaming again.

During the fall his father and he hunted partridge and squirrels. This was his favorite time of year in the mountains. The trees were in full color and the warm rays of the fall sun sifted down through the branches. During the winter his father and he hunted deer. He knew that he would never forget that first deer. He had been at the stand all morning when the deer came into view. The deer saw Bob and with leaps and bounds was out of sight before Bob could shoot. The snow was fresh and the tracks were very clear. For an hour Bob tracked the deer in the crystal world before seeing it. He raised his rifle and shot. The deer was a large grayish-brown, eight point buck.

Bob's daydream was broken again by the startled cry of a blue jay. Looking at his watch, Bob saw it was one o'clock and time for lunch. Glancing up at the sky, he saw towering, gray clouds rolling in. Knowing there would be a great storm, he began to look for shelter. Climbing up on the rocks, he saw an opening. Bob scrambled in the entrance just in time as the rain poured down. Gazing out from his perch, Bob beheld the fury and boldness of nature unleashed before him. The day was very dark as the rain continued. Long streaks of lightning showed bleak, jagged rocks. Wind drove the rain into the cave's entrance. Bob moved back into the darkness that was lighted every time the sky threw a bolt of lightning to the ground. As Bob moved to make himself comfortable, he heard a threatening noise. Bob was paralyzed with fear and the muscles in his neck tightened. His rifle was still in the entrance. The darkness made his eyes helpless. He couldn't tell where the threatening noise was.

Then a flash of lightning illuminated the cave. There, less than eighteen inches away, lay a large rattlesnake. In the dark again Bob tried to move slowly but the snake gave his frightening warning. Bob stopped moving. If he had his rifle, he could kill the snake when there was a flash of lightning. The storm was abating, but the rain was still coming down hard. He started to move cautiously, in the eerie darkness, towards his rifle. The rattling started again. Bob moved slowly, each muscle holding back. A flash of lightning showed the snake to be closer. Bob's nerves were taut as sweat rolled off his forehead. The noise of the rattler grew louder. A ray of light showed through the clouds. Bob kept moving ever so slowly. After poising to strike, the head shot forward. Bob felt a sharp pain as he dove for his gun, aimed, and shot. The snake lay motionless. Bob looked quickly for the bite. He only saw a cut from a sharp rock on his thigh. He looked at the snake again. There, next to the snake, was the reason Bob had been saved. A small rabbit had been bitten. Bob sat down; his ordeal was over.

William Clouse

## What Is Important?

"You mean Alice Edwards asked you to eat at her table?" Leslie was green-eyed.

Judith Ann nodded solemnly. She knew that this meant that she, Judith Ann Boutin, was going to become one of "the Crowd," a position coveted by everyone at Lawnwood High.

"The Crowd" was an elite group of girls who ran the sophomore class and any organizations that they wished to join. This occurred because everyone who wanted to be "in" obeyed their every wish. Alice was the leader and she "okayed new members."

Next period Judy walked with "The Crowd" to her class. On the way they noticed a new student, Charlene Peterson, who walked by and smiled shyly. She certainly wasn't pretty. She had mousy brown hair, unbecomingly arranged, beady brown eyes, and buck teeth. Her clothes were hand-me-downs obviously from another style period. She was almost difficult to look upon.

Sarcastic wolf whistles and mean remarks rose from the group. Alice put her hand on Charlene's shoulder and said, "Come on, honey. Meet the gang."

The crowd greeted her with "Hi, cutie!" and "Nice! Nice!" Charlene's eyes began to swim, but she would not give them the satisfaction of seeing her cry. With a shaky "Excuse me," she turned and hurried to the nearest girl's room.

With self-satisfaction radiating, the group proceeded to their classes, all but Judith Ann. Judy was sick. She had never felt so small, not even when the group had ridiculed her in the past. At least then she had had her self-respect. She couldn't listen to the lecture. She could only think of brave Charlene refusing to cry and of her own smallness.

After class she slipped out quickly to avoid walking with the group she had envied in the past.

She found Charlene at lunch and sat beside her. She found that Charlene had a personality which more than made up for her lack of attractive features. She apologized for "The Crowd's" behavior and they quickly became friends.

As she walked beside "Charlie" to the next period's classes, Alice and the others gave her a glare that would have knocked her over except for the fact that she dared to glare back.

Judith Ann sat alone in the front of the school bus on the way home that day. Usually she sat in the rear with the others who desired entrance to the Crowd.

Alice climbed into the bus. "Judy, we've been looking for you all day. Come up in the back and sit with us."

This was it. If Judith Ann went now, she would be "in" for good with "The Crowd." This was the big invitation, and it would not come another time. She couldn't allow herself to be a "shut-in" when there were "Crowd" parties every Saturday night. Everyone was dying to get into the Crowd. Judith Ann decided.

"Thank you, Alice, honey," she purred with a smile, "but I have to save a seat for a friend."

Linda Barufaldi

## THE ORPHAN

It was the Saturday before Thanksgiving. I remember because it was early for Mom to go to Father Lemieux. Usually she waits till the day or so before the holiday, that is, the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. She brings back one of the orphan kids from St. Mary's Home. It is usually a boy. Most everyone, she says, wants the girls. He stays with us sometimes a day or two or sometimes longer. Last time our visitor was a sort of quiet, pale kid named Ralph. He was only nine, which was five years younger than I. But once or twice that first day, I'd shove him up on the handle bars of my bike and take him around. Then it got to be regular. He wasn't much trouble. He let me do all the talking, which, believe me, is something when a guy has a sister like Sheila around.

This year I was hoping it would be a bigger guy, big enough to take to the Paragons on Tuesday and Friday nights. The Paragons is our basketball team. Tuesday nights we practice, and Friday nights we play the other city schools. Sheila gets to Friday games once in a while, but I sure don't let her come to practice play, even if some of the other guys are crazy enough to let their sisters come and giggle and act foolish. Sheila's a giggler now. She didn't use to be. She used to be — well, kind of nice. But last year she started going with some kids from Tremont Street School, and boy, do they think they're something. Now Sheila's always crabbing about her clothes and winding crazy steel pins in her hair at night. She sure changed, and I can see Mom and Pop feel badly about it, too.

Well, anyway, this Saturday the sky was spitting snow, and I was watching it through the steam of our kitchen window, wondering if Oak Hill would cover enough for skiing. Then I saw Mom's blue umbrella bob up on the walk. I spotted the kid with her. Honest, I could've dropped. It was a girl!

"Well, for the luvva Pete!" I must have shouted, because my father looked up from his paper over by the table. "Mom's bringing a girl!" I stared at him, dazed.

"Good," my father says, quiet-like. My father always speaks quiet-like. He laid his paper aside and pushed himself out of the split-cane chair. "Good," he said again, looking over at Sheila's closed door.

Yeah. Sheila was closing her door now, too. No, not all day. Just for spells. Mom said it was a "phase" and all kids go through it. Well, I didn't. I sure never closed my door and buried my face in nutty books about handcare and stuff like that.

"Why a girl?" I was still shouting. "Why so early? Thanksgiving isn't — "

"Let your mother in, Joe." My father never answers a shouted question.

I scuffed into the hall and pulled open the door. I took Mom's stiffened umbrella and shoved it into the hall stand and tried not to look at Mom or the kid.

"Well," my father said, smiley-like, "who have we here?"

"Millie," Mom said and led the kid over to the stove and started to unhook a green sort of checked coat. "We've had the grandest talk on the way home."

Mom motioned to me. "This here's Joe, Millie. He's fourteen, too."

Fourteen! I looked at her then. She'd slipped off the coat and tugged down the sleeves of the gray pullover sweater. Fourteen! She could've been ten. She had a little kind of face and it was shiny, like the soap had been rubbed too hard, black, straight hair, like Sheila's used to be before the steel things. Scared? Boy! Did she look scared.

I said, "Hi." And she made some kind of whisper sound, and Mom said, "Where's Sheila?" My father's brow sort of knotted, and his look stopped at Sheila's door. In about a second Sheila came out. She was blowing on the pink-polishy stuff on her fingernails.

"Sheila," my father said, "this time we've got a friend for you."

Sheila's "Hi" was kind of flat. And I sure felt ashamed when Millie put out her hand sort of friendly and Sheila went on blowing at the polish.

"You two will have lots to talk over," Mom said quickly so Millie wouldn't notice about Sheila. "And clear out a drawer or two of your bureau, Sheila. Millie has her box to unpack."

"My bureau?" Sheila's voice sort of squeaked. "Why, there's hardly a speck of room in my bureau."

"Make a speck," my father said. "And you, Joe, push the rollaway cot out of your room into Sheila's."

"Into my room!" Sheila was sure acting mean.

"Into your room." My father's voice was still quiet, so Sheila went to her room without a word and pulled out the drawers.

I got a good look at the kid at supper. I noticed she didn't reach or jump for anything. When she did talk, she said, "This is fine, or this is plenty." Honest, the leaf-pattern on the plate was hardly covered. I kept thinking: No wonder she's a shrimp, if she don't take no more than that at the Home. I watched how carefully she smoothed the butter on her bread, and noticed that her fingernails were clean and cut round. There was no pink goo or anything. I saw Sheila looking at them, too.

After supper I asked my father to tell us about the time he'd been hired to feed three horses "and all of them red and he forgetting which one he'd fed." It was sure funny. I guess I knew every word of what was coming, but you know I think my father must have slipped in parts that were new, 'cause I was laughing as hard as Millie.

The fourth night of Millie's stay was Tuesday, practice night for the Paragons. I still didn't know why Mom got the kid so early. Sheila had fits going to school those two days, while Millie stayed there with Mom. Sheila had fits to me, that is. Well, anyway, just as I was leaving that night, she started the old whine about "you never let me watch practice."

"I'm never going to," I said, pulling on my jacket. I slammed the door on that quickly. Halfway down the walk, I met Millie coming back with the bag of groceries. I stopped and sort of fished for what I wanted to say to her. She wasn't having much fun. Sheila hadn't asked her out once, not even to go sledding on Oak Hill. Of course I couldn't ask a girl to practice! Mom and Pop were swell to her, but still . . . So I started to say something stupid, like "It's sure freezing" or something like that, when she said, "This is ball practice night, isn't it?" Imagine her remembering the night, even. So I said, sort of nuttylike, "Yeah, Tuesday," and started to beat it, when she said, "I like it here. Everyone is so nice, and good to me."

I swallowed. Oh, sure we were good to her. Yeah. Especially Sheila and me.

"How long have you been at the home?" I said then. I didn't have time to be gabbing with practice at seven-thirty, but the kid was just sort of standing quiet-like, waiting.

"Six years," she said, low-like.

I nearly dropped when she said six years.

Just then the front door opened and it was Sheila. She had the excuse of a library book in her hand. "I left the drying," she said to Millie. Not "Hi," nor "Thanks for doing my errands," because they were really Sheila's job, but just "I left the drying and the dishes stacked." Then she glared at me.

The next day I found Millie watching every step Mom made. She also was asking questions about the things Mom cooked. Sheila was having plenty of time for her hair winding. And whenever Mom would start to say something about it, Millie would say, "I want to help." Easy-like. "I want to do things." Imagine! But Mom seemed to understand.

Ours was the busiest kitchen in the world, I guess, on Thanksgiving day. And at the dinner table, Millie sure shook us up. My father had just said grace, and before he even lifted the carver he looked over at Millie. She hadn't even raised her head yet. My father waited what seemed like a long time, and then Millie looked up. She didn't look at my father, or us, but at a gloss on the finished wooden bowl. "I was adding the 'remembers'," she said.

"I was saying I'd always remember this week, this kitchen, and how good Sheila — "

She stopped.

My father pushed up from the table and went over to the window. He sort of stared out of it a minute and then came back.

"Thank you, Millie," was all he said.

Sheila just sat there dumb-like, and didn't even grab first at the celery, or yell for all the white meat. And well, neither did I.

(Continued On Page Four)

# Guidance Office Plays An Important Role in Placing Seniors

What happens to seniors when they leave high school? Some further their education, and others go on to jobs. In either case, many students wish help in securing a desirable job or in gaining entrance to a particular college. The Guidance Department offers assistance to each student in finding a school or position that best suits each individual student.

More than sixty-five per cent of last year's graduates planned to further their education. The Guidance Department placed seventy-four of these graduates in four-year colleges. Fifty-five other students were placed in various institutions for higher education.

With the aid of the Guidance Department, the student examines carefully what qualifications he possesses and, also, the requirements the school of his choice demands. He then selects a school whose requirements he is able to meet and to which he would like to apply. A student usually applies to several institutions of higher education.

As almost everyone is aware, jobs are becoming increasingly difficult to find. In the instance of job hunting, the Guidance Department becomes the middleman, so to speak. Employers, in need of additional workers, notify the Guidance Department, and the Guidance Department, in turn, selects the most qualified student for a particular job. Department stores, offices, and factories issue constant demands for new and young help.

Before hiring a new worker, the employer investigates several of the student's records. First, the student's scholastic record is consulted. This includes the student's individual marks as well as his average. Second, the attendance record of the student is investigated to determine the punctuality and dependability of the student.

An interview is arranged between the employer and prospective employee. The interview takes place in the Guidance Office or at the particular place of business of the employer.

The Guidance Department has already placed many seniors this year. Each day many seniors are being interviewed and placed in desirable employment.

## *RED*

A smiling freckled boy, a screaming fire engine, a picturesque sunset, a bouncing rubber ball, a flashing warning light, an autumn maple tree, an enraged orator, or a timid, blushing student — all these make me think of red, that brilliant hue which is a primary color. From the gaudy brilliance of a matador's cape to the softness of a baby's skin, we live in a red world of beauty and color. What is more beautiful than an early morning drop of dew on the red petal of a tulip in May or a solitary red maple, denuding itself on the summit of a quiet hill in Chester?

Autumn is the time of harvest, and a time for nature to show off her beauty to the wonder and pleasure, whether or not to the appreciation of the audience. How many people stop on a country road to notice the acres of red and gold which cloak a mountain more beautifully than all the silks and satins ever worn by the monarchs of Europe, to gaze out into the distance where a far off mountain with its purple hue harbors the setting sun? Then there is the mere apple, shining in all its enamel-like redness. Its unattainable redness would be a diabolical punishment even for Tantalus, son of Zeus!

In our American flag, red isn't merely to contrast the white stripes but represents the sacrifice, hardship, valor, and blood given for our democracy to maintain its liberties. By being synonymous with blood, it represents life, our most precious possession. As the sacred white crosses at Flander's Field represent life given, the Red Cross represents life saved or succored.

Having one's skin turn red signifies anger as a passionate man becomes excited, the blood rushes to his face. This blush is also true when he becomes embarrassed, man being the only animal physically capable of blushing or having cause to do so.

As one of our most widely used signals, red often means danger or trouble. The slowly waving lantern of an old railroad worker or the flashing beacon of the roadblock before a washout on a rainy night are some of the more romantic examples of red used as a signal, as opposed to the prosaic stop light. Because of its billiance, red is used on fire trucks so that they will be seen as they scream towards a fire.

The glowing red flames immediately bring to mind wanton death and destruction as millions of dollars of forest turns to ashes, killing wild life and ruining watershed. But we must also think of the beneficial warmth, light, and energy without which we could not live in anything but an extremely primitive civilization.

The color red will always represent man's emotions, sacrifices, and successes as it cries out its presence and beautifies the earth. As mortal man and his deeds pass into oblivion, the immortal color red will remain to captivate the interests and the thoughts of man and to beautify his world a thousand years from now.

Bob Swanson

IT'S
NORMA'S
FOR
WOMEN'S
APPAREL
Between S.I.S. and Grants
Agawam Shopping Center

## THE ORPHAN

(Continued From Page Three)

Friday I counted the nights Sheila and me had stayed in. Four. A record or miracle or something. I guess my father looked at Sheila and at me a million times those four nights.

Well, when it got to be seven-fifteen this Friday night, Mom said, "Isn't there a game tonight, Joe?"

Well, I darn near forgot it, that's what. I pulled my jacket off the hall peg and looked back into the kitchen. You know, it looked — nice. Like a, well, like a picture, I guess.

"You going tonight?" I asked. I don't know why. I never did before, that's a bet.

"Nope," she said, counting the stitches Millie was putting on a wood needle. I closed the door then. Easy. It seemed right to close it easy. And I ran the whole way to the gym.

We won the game that night, but it was close. Coming home, I thought about Sheila. How she didn't beat it out that night with the kids from the Tremont Street. And how happy my mother looked. I figured right then, maybe — just maybe, I'd tell her Tuesday she could watch practice. Yeah. Miracles were happening at our house. That's sure.

Saturday morning Mom took Millie back to Father Lemieux and the Home. My father wasn't going to go, but when Mom closed the door he called after her and asked her to wait. He looked at us, Sheila and me. Sheila was sure puffy-eyed. And I was daubing the polish on my shoes for the third time.

"We're going to try to keep Millie," my father said, like dropping a bomb.

Sheila went bawling into his arms and hugged him almost off balance. I just stared.

"Wait," my father said, loosening her up a little. "Father Lemieux let us bring Millie a little early, to see how things would go. Everyone, he says, has to want her here. That means the two of you, not just your mother and me."

"But we do! We do." Sheila said, answering for both of us. She always does that. It burns me most times, but it didn't now.

"Well," my father says, buttoning up his coat after he got loose of Sheila, "we'll see how we make out at St. Mary's. It will be a while before we know if Millie will be able to stay with us. And we might even lose out. What with the questions and papers and visits and whatnot. But — " he pulled open the door, "perhaps there's a miracle or two around yet that still happens."

And I sure didn't say "no" to that.

Dianne Ferioli

## NATIONAL HONOR

(Continued From Page One)

and they must maintain this average in order to be eligible throughout the year. Their privileges include an extra set of books, a permanent pass which can be used during activity and study periods, and admission to the library on a special pass to do their studying there.

The following students are members:

Shelly Allen
Tamara Astifan
Louise Cannarella
Richard Chandler
Margaret Chicklas
Joanne Cimaroli
Nancy Cirillo
Norma Cirillo
Susan Colli
Marsha Della Giustina
Elizabeth Donovan
Catherine Ferrarini
Arthur Foley
Donald Headley
Mary Kelley
Gail Lawson
Drinda Lund
Howard Mosher
Carl Novak
Francis O'Leary
Robert Oppenheimer
Dianne Orsi
Pamela Penney
Karen Ratcliffe
Janice Rebecchi
Patricia Repinec
JoAnn Rossi
Pamela Saitto
Joyce Sarat
Martha Sharritt
Samuel (Roger) Tyler
Sharon Veneklasen

At a recent meeting of the society, plans were discussed concerning a trip to be taken as a group to some special point of interest later in the year. A committee to discuss ideas for further plans consisting of the officers was appointed by the members. This year the society hopes to function actively as a leading group in the school.

New members will be added in January, so seniors get to work! For you underclassmen, you still have time to work for this high honor — best of luck!

## COURAGE

(Inspired by
*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*)

The essence of courage is very abstract and difficult to describe. Courage is defined in some dictionaries as a "lack of fear." Courage is much more than simply a "lack of fear." Defining courage as a "lack of fear" is like defining lightness as a lack of darkness. Courage is the light in the darkness of fear.

Although courage requires a fear. Although courage requires a great effort, it is not necessarily the performance of a single fantastic deed against seemingly insurmountable odds. Aspiring to be a Hercules or Achilles is unrealistic, since not many of us will ever become true demigods. The greatest heroic deed is only a transient expression of courage, while real courage is infinite; it lives as long as the soul. Self-reliance, determination, and will-power form a truly valorous spirit. The true courage is living life fully. A coward does not truly live, and his life is a painful waste. Death can be the crown of a royally courageous life, or the painful end of a cowardly existence. Victor Hugo expressed this aptly in *Les Miserables* when he wrote, "It is nothing to die; it is frightful not to live." A courageous spirit is the tool by which we can make our lives meaningful. Without it, our existence is a sham.

There are many ways by which we can make a courageous spirit part of our lives. We should bravely face reality and not despair over what cannot be helped. Trying to escape from reality can be the cause of the tragic waste of a life. Living in the past or continuously daydreaming about the future is a cowardly way of escaping from the present. Even the Marquesa's continual drinking could not provide true relief from her troubles because she still had to face sobriety.

Courage may be the needed thrust to reach a somewhat unattainable goal. Fear of failure should never discourage an attempt. An honest effort is not a failure, but not trying at all is a failure of spirit. Satisfaction can be gained by making an earnest effort and not giving up. When the Marquesa threw away her beads and said, "What will be, will be," she again submitted to cowardice. Her extra effort may have brought from God an answer to her prayers.

Even an expression of individuality shows courage. Many would rather go along with a group than express their own principles. These cowards eventually lose their identity and become shapeless forms in the mass of life. Among the vast rewards reaped by individuality are recognition, self-satisfaction, and success. The scope of a life can be limited greatly by cowardice. The Marquesa sacrificed her own happiness by devoting her whole life to her daughter. Facing all of life's pleasures and hardships takes courage, but it is the only way to live fully. It takes true courage to be humble, to admit a mistake, or to confess a sin. This is the hardest courage, but it also brings the most satisfaction. True courage cannot be developed easily, but through determination and self-discipline we all could lead truly courageous lives.

Joanne Beauvais

## The Tale of the Leprachauns

In the county of Yorkshire, Ireland there once lived two pixie Leprachauns. The first was known by the name of Patrick O'Toole. O'Toole was a devilish fellow with a rather comical appearance. He had long white hair with a beard and deep blue eyes that appeared to be twinkling with mischief. The second, named Sean McFadden, being a God-fearing sort, had somewhat the same physical appearance but inwardly was not fond of mischief.

Now it was known far and wide that these two characters would constantly argue about everything and anything! Sometimes their arguments were fierce and it was believed by the townfolks that when the thunder bolted, the ligtning flashed and rains pelted from the heavens, O'Toole and McFadden were at it again!!!

On this particular sunny day Patrick and Sean were seated under an oak tree deeply engrossed in a heated discussion about the benefits of good and evil.

"Now Patty, me lad, look at ye," Said McFadden, "Remember the time you spooked O'Rielly's cow and she wouldn't give milk for most a week? Do you consider that a kindly act?!"

"Aye, aye; 'twasn't too kindly," laughed O'Toole, "but sure was amusin' and tickled me no end!!!"

"Fie! Ya're hopeless!" cried McFadden in sudden despair.

"All right, I'll make a wager with you for a barrel of ale," ventured Patrick, "that within a fortnight I'll have completed more good deeds than you"

"O'Toole, you've just made yourself a bet — and woe to he that loses!!" shouted Sean McFadden with great zest.

And so they parted, *each* to go his own way to meet again in a fortnight.

Now Sean McFadden was successful in his missions but poor Patrick O'Toole had his troubles. It seems just as he was about to do a good deed, his mischievous inner self would get the best of him and he would do the opposite!

An example is the day Mrs. Casey was returning from the washing well with her basket of clean clothes. Patrick, attempting to keep up his part of the bargain, tried to help her carry her burden, but his inner spirits got the best of him. Low and behold didn't he trip Mrs. Casey and down she fell on her face into a puddle of mud!!!!

Finally, it was the night before the end of the fortnight and Patrick O'Toole was feeling very depressed for he was losing the wager. Not *one* good deed had he performed!

Now as it happened, the Murphy farm was not far from where O'Toole was resting before venturing to meet McFadden. Upon resuming his journey, O'Toole noticed a wisp of smoke curling up from the roof of the Murphy's house. Knowing the late hour and realizing the family must be asleep, Patrick dashed to the parents bedroom window. He made great clamoring noises and managed to rouse Mr. Murphy. He awoke the family and they all were rescued from the blaze.

The next day Maggie Murphy exclaimed to all the townspeople of the mysterious visitor who had saved her family and farm from destruction.

The fortnight had passed and Patrick O'Toole and Sean McFadden met as planned under the oak tree. Sean readily confessed his many good deeds one after the other and asked Patrick to recite his.

Now as Patrick had only done one good deed, he was slow to answer and ashamed. Finally he said, "You've won our wager fair and square as I've only done one deed."

But Sean McFadden, being a God-fearing sort like I said, knew of Patrick's great deed and vowed to give credit where it was due. Sean said, "You're deed is the most worthy of all Patrick, for a deed done in humbleness is worth many done boastfully. Patrick O'Toole, you've won!!!

Maureen Doyle

# SENIOR SILHOUETTES

## Elizabeth Donovan

Whenever you hear someone say "It's pathetic!" you can be sure the speaker is Elizabeth Donovan, alias Betsy.

A very active and busy senior, Betsy is the assistant editor of the *Sachem* yearbook, vice-president of the Spanish Club, and vice-president of the French Club. She is also an active member of the National Honor Society, Future Teachers' Club, and the Personality Club. In addition, Betsy is active in girls' sports and is a member of the library staff.

"Tweety" Donovan (this appellation is a gift from Elaine Borgatti) thinks being a senior is "just great!" "It's hard to believe that everyone looks up to us," she says.

Her ideal boy "must be considerate, intelligent, and play sports, especially tennis and golf!"

Tweety said her most trying, but rewarding, moment was "when I first wore my contact lenses. I was so afraid they would fall out!" She is now the most relaxed AHS contact-lens wearer!

While blue rates as her favorite color, and the Corvair as her favorite car, Betsy's favorite day is "St. Patrick's Day, of course!" An enthusiastic French student, Betsy's favorite song is "Dominique." As for her pet peeve, "I don't have one! I love people!"

One of her friends, Carol Bartolucci, commented, "Betsy is a really fabulous kid and the only one I know who drives without her car lights on at night!"

Betsy has been accepted at St. Joseph's College in West Hartford, Connecticut. She plans to teach either Spanish or math. Very enthusiastic about St. Joseph's she said, "I love it! It's the only college I really like! The campus and dorms are beautiful!"

She would like one change at Agawam High — "More time for lunch! I can't eat and talk at the same time!"

When asked what her favorite subject is, the dark-haired, vivacious senior quickly answered, "I love them all! Even physics!"

Having taken advantage of the languages which Agawam High offers, she has had 3 years of Spanish, 3 years of Latin, and 2 years of French. During her four years at Agawam High, she has carried a load of 20 majors!

Betsy's outside interests lie in the fields of tennis (she was the tennis champ this summer for high school girls), golf, knitting, and driving her new Corvair.

**This issue's senior silhouettes are, left to right, Elizabeth Donovan, Ted Affleck, Gale Cote, Eugene Waniewski, and Diane Orsi.**

## Eugene Waniewski

If, by chance, you ever walk by the fire doors near room 1 on your way to lunch or gym, you might notice a tall, good-looking, light-haired boy sitting at the patrol desk near those doors. And if, by chance, you don't know him, you might ask yourself — "My, I wonder who that intelligent looking young man is?" Well, many of the students at school could answer that question. It's Gene Waniewski!

Gene has his own ideas about being a senior. He says, "I think that my senior year is great, but it's going by much too fast!"

Gene is an active member of the Student Patrol and he is the presisident of the Ski Club. Of course, he loves to ski, on both water and snow. As a matter of fact, he loves *all* sports. He is a member of the football and hockey teams — both of which he enjoys.

Gene's ideal girl should have blonde hair, blue eyes, a charming personality and she would have to be about 5'6", since he is so tall!

Gene has many favorites; favorite color, blue; favorite food, corned beef and cabbage; favorite sports, football and hockey; and favorite subject, math. And, of course, we can't forget his favorite saying — "Is there anybody watching?"

Gene's future plans include attending St. Michael's College in Vermont.

## Gale Cote

Two years ago Gale Cote was planning to become an actress. Now, she is undecided as to what course she will pursue in life. Whatever she does, however, she plans on making the most of every moment.

Just talking with Gale, one becomes aware that she is a warm-hearted, energetic individual. Every endeavor she enters wholeheartedly.

Music plays a large part in Gale's life. She has participated in chorus and Choral all through high school. Her musical tastes run along the lines of Broadway hits. Her pet songs are "Maria" and "Tonight" from the musical *West Side Story*. Gale certainly can belt out a song as was witnessed last year in her role in *Bye Bye Birdie*, last year's operetta in which Gale had the lead. Gale's hobby is collecting record albums.

Acting is an activity which Gale does sincerely and well. As president of the Drama Club for two years, she has gained much experience and has mingled with people who share her same interests. In the Drama Club, Gale has learned how to portray realistically such parts as Mrs. Frank in the senior play and Rosie in last year's operetta.

Gale's dream boy should be taller than she, not particularly good-looking but should possess a pleasing personality. Also, he must have average intelligence. She did not say anything about the color of his eyes, but along with New York at Christmas-time and steak and French Fries, blue eyes rate among her favorite things. Gale loves all food, but her favorite is lobster bisque. "It's fabulous!" she exclaims. Friday is her favorite day. "I made it through the week of school!" Of all her subjects, French stands out as her favorite.

Like most people, Gale has had her humiliating experiences, but there is one that stands out most prominently in her mind. Loaded down with books and with "all kinds of people around," Gale was getting off a bus. All of a sudden she slid on some ice and landed with a thud! She will never forget that experience!

Gale has a pet peeve that really annoys her. "People who don't try to do something for the school, don't belong to clubs. It makes me so mad!"

When asked if there was anything she would like to change about the school or herself, she contemplated and finally concluded that the school needed no changes. But as for herself, Gale would like to be more emotional. "When I see a sad movie, my friends cry, but I don't!"

Gale hopes to attend college but is yet undecided as to which one. She does have a particular preference to the University of Massachusetts and Boston University.

Though her plans are indefinite, everyone wishes Gale the best of luck and success in every endeavor.

## Eddie Harashuk

Eddie Harashuk, humorously known as Brutus because, of course, he stabbed Caesar, is a well-known football player and an active Student Patrol member. Eddie can often be seen at his post reading the sports section of a newspaper.

Brutus, Brute for short, has many varied interests, but of course the one which he devotes most of his time to is football. In his spare time, Eddie enjoys watching submarine (?) races and says, "They can be very intersting!"

Brute's future plans are to attend a small co-ed, business college where football isn't played. Although Eddie looks forward to college, he says, "I'm just beginning to enjoy school in my final year. I will miss all the friendly teachers. I will especially miss doing my "crabs" with "Big Greek."

His favorite subject is Problems of Democracy because Mr. Carbone "rarely gives lectures!" Eddie's favorite food is spaghetti and chicken. His favorite song is "Be True to Your School." His pet peeve is not an unusual one: he thinks the lunch lines are too long and the lunch period too short. Eddie's ideal girl must have "a good personality and be lots of fun to be with."

Brute's most exciting experience was riding with "Greek" and his most embarrassing moment was "the night coming back on the bus from Ware with the basketball squad." He wouldn't give the reason why—he was too embarrassed.

Eddie wants and hopes for only two things from Santa Claus for Christmas — a bottle of perfume and a Care package.

## Dianne Orsi

Which Agawam High senior girl is seen in the cafeteria capably working for the Student Patrol, is the president of the Personality Club, and a member of the National Honor Society? She is no other than Dianne Orsi.

Dianne's feelings about being a senior are about the same as those of any senior, "It is so completely different from other years that it is practically unbelievable."

Dianne's favorite subjects are science and math. Her future plans are to attend Bay Path Junior College and to become a medical secretary.

Outside school, Dianne's favorite hobby is skiing and, being a typical female, her favorite pastime is spending money.

Dianne's ideal boy, by a strange coincidence, is considerate, fun to be with, blonde and good-looking, with the name David. She also loves Italian food and the colors brown and green.

Dianne's most thrilling experience was the time she went down a ski slope going about 300 miles an hour — on one ski!

If she were to change the school in any way she would add to the school spirit.

This friendly, attractive senior is described by fellow students as having a lot of spirit, being a good worker and an all-round good school citizen.

## The Orphan Boy

In a little wooded village
Long ago and far away
Where children gaily scrambled
From morn till end of day
There lived a tiny orphan
A little boy so small
His body scarcely larger
Than a child's stuffed rag doll
This poor tiny cripple
Who had neither shoes nor coat
Was the center of laughter
From others came to gloat
Christmas day was nearing
All the houses donned bright lights
While candles in the windows
Glowed on through the night
Trees were brought from the woodland
Trimmed with candles and balls
Holly hung over doorways
Pine scents filled the halls
Children anxiously awaited
The coming of jolly Chris
But the orphan thought nary
Of the fun that he would miss
While everyone made ready
Their homes with rich decor
The orphan went in silence
Seeking shelter behind each door
His legs grew stiff and frozen
For a flimsy wrap of cotton
Was all in which he lay
Christmas Eve at last now
Everyone was home
Singing, dancing merrily
While the orphan roamed
He stumbled on from house to house
Pleading for a crumb
And a spot where he may lay to sleep
Till morning's light could come
"Nay," the people laughed at him,
"go, be on your way"
"You vagabond," "You wicked wretch"
Was all that they would say
Finally lights were smothered
Silence filled the air
While the town was sleeping
The orphan said this prayer
"Oh kind Lord have mercy
Upon this child of yours
Who wearily must crawl
Seeking shelter at each door"
"Take pity Holy Master
Give relief, I beg of Thee
Release me from this frozen cold
Shed light so I might see"
"A place to rest my body
Which stiffens with freezing cold
These weary bones are aching
As if I were a hundred years old"
He took three steps then turned around
At the end of the road he saw
A home so rich in splendor
It filled him with wondrous awe
Without knowing why he began to walk
Till on the threshold he stood
A feeling overcame him
That in this house he'd be treated good
The great white door opened
The warmth around him spread
And the kindest voice he'd ever heard
Thrilled him as it said
"Fear not my child, but enter
Come warm yourself my son"
He entered and the door was closed
Behind the little one
Morning dawned and the people arose
The children ran to get their toys
But Santa had not come
For these little girls or boys
The people stood dumbfounded
No toys nor gifts were there
But outside in the downy snow
A little child half bare
Lay face down in the snowbank
And as I've heard it said
He never did arise again
The orphan boy was dead.

Sandra Sliva

## Heroes A-Plenty

With the wide variety of television heroes, there is at least one hero to please everyone. For the simple, down-to-earth folk, there are Jed and Jethro of "The Beverly Hillbillies". Uncle Martin, the Martian, is a favorite of many aspiring astronauts. Of course, those medical pioneers, Dr. Kildare and Ben Casey, who have opened up a whole new field—television—to the medical profession, are on hand to cure any ailment from a broken leg to a broken heart. Students who do not spend enough time in school can catch up on their work by watching Mr. Novak, that promising new English teacher. Western fans can still see Chester limping after Mr. Dillon or the Cartwrights riding on the Ponderosa. Military fans can drill with "The Lieutenant" or sail with "McHale's Navy." Viewers who like travel can see the countryside along "Route 66" with Tod and Linc. Young Perry Masons can see justice triumph with "The Defenders". And last, but not least, night owls can have a feast when twilight comes and the old stars reappear in the late movies.

Deborah Monczka

## NIGERIAN CUSTOMS

(Continued From Page One)

member of the Agawam High School faculty on behalf of Mr. Dacey, the faculty, and the entire student body.

We are sure that Mr. Ukachi will long remember the hospitality shown to him by members of this American high school and take back to Nigeria with him a greater understanding of American people.

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Agawam, Mass.

Country Store
291 Springfield Street
Agawam, Mass.

SNACK BAR
Springfield Street

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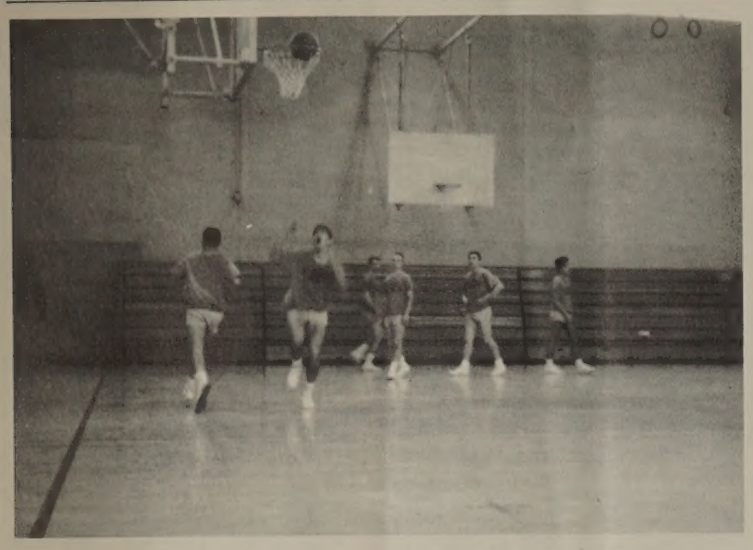

The Brownies go through their lay-up drill prior to a practice game with Suffield Academy.

# Hockey Team Begins New Season; Coach Cites Robinson, Polopek

The Agawam hockey season will shortly be getting under way, with Mr. Fassnacht again handling the coaching chores. This year the Brownies will again be entered in the Wright Division and will play against Classical, Holyoke, Trade, Palmer, and this year's new addition, Chicopee Comprehensive.

The team will miss the services of graduates Bill Ferranti, Pete Egan, Bob Cahill, Paul Zymba, Pat Vassalo, Gil Hall, and Roger Waite. However, a fine freshmen group consisting of Al Stahovich, Dave White, Louie Chicklas and Mike Rossi should help make up for the loss. Mr. Fassnacht was very optimistic about his upcoming freshmen group. He pointed out that he had a hard time picking the four that he did.

Returning from last year's squad are Dave Robinson, Dan DeBiasio, Jack Decker, Larry Scherpa, and Mike Natale. This group will be strengthened by newcomers Rick Durant, Billy Bongiovanni, Ron Penna, Russ Ramah, Ronnie Provost, Tom Bava, and Richard DellaGuistina.

When asked about this year's chances, Mr. Fassnacht replied, "Most of this year's team is inexperienced, but I feel that determination and spirit should make up for it."

"I feel Dave Robinson, captain of this year's team, is one of the outstanding players in Western Massachusetts," he added.

He also feels that Bob Polopek, this year's co-captain, is one of the most hustling and determined players on the team.

## Freshman Basketball

*1st Round*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dec. 13 | West Springfield | Away |
| Dec. 17 | Westfield | Away |
| Dec. 20 | South Hadley | Home |
| Jan. 3 | Lynch | Home |
| Jan. 7 | Open | |
| Jan. 10 | Lawrence | Away |
| Jan. 14 | Chicopee Comp. | Home |
| Jan. 17 | Chicopee | Away |

*2nd Round*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jan. 21 | Westfield | Home |
| Jan. 24 | South Hadley | Away |
| Jan. 28 | Lynch | Away |
| Jan. 30 | Open | |
| Feb. 4 | Lawrence | Home |
| Feb. 7 | Chicopee Comp. | Away |
| Feb. 11 | Chicopee | Home |
| Feb. 14 | West Springfield | Home |

## Varsity Basketball

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dec. 17 | Ludlow 56-53 | Home |
| Dec. 18 | Westfield 48-44 | Home |
| Dec. 20 | Palmer | Home |
| Dec. 23 | Amherst | Away |
| Dec. 27 | Enfield | Home |
| Dec. 30 | West Springfield | Away |
| Jan. 7 | Ware | Away |
| Jan. 10 | Minnechaug | Away |
| Jan. 14 | Longmeadow | Away |
| Jan. 17 | East Longmeadow | Home |
| Jan. 21 | Easthampton | Home |
| Jan. 24 | Enfield | Away |
| Jan. 28 | Ludlow | Away |
| Jan. 31 | Palmer | Away |
| Feb. 7 | Ware | Home |
| Feb. 11 | Minnechaug | Home |
| Feb. 14 | Longmeadow | Home |
| Feb. 18 | East Longmeadow | Away |
| Feb. 21 | Easthampton | Away |
| Feb. 25 | West Springfield | Home |

## Hockey Schedule

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dec. 11 | Classical 5-0 | 6 p.m. |
| Dec. 16 | Chicopee Comp. 2-1 | 6 p.m. |
| Dec. 23 | Holyoke | 6 p.m. |
| Dec. 30 | Palmer | 7 p.m. |
| Jan. 8 | Trade | 7 p.m. |
| Jan. 13 | Classical | 9 p.m. |
| Jan. 15 | Chicopee Comp. | 9 p.m. |
| Jan. 20 | Holyoke | 9 p.m. |
| Jan. 27 | Palmer | 9 p.m. |
| Feb. 3 | Trade | |
| Feb. 5 | Classical | |
| Feb. 10 | Chicopee Comp. | |
| Feb. 14 | Holyoke | |
| Feb. 19 | Palmer | |
| Feb. 24 | Trade | |

# Basketball Season Gets Underway

With the termination of the football season, basketball goes into full swing. Mr. Kibbe returns as head coach of the varsity team, while Mr. Sheehan replaces Mr. Hastings as coach of the freshman team.

Mr. Kibbe, who stresses physical fitness very much, expects a well-conditioned team in which every member will hustle every second of every game. Mr. Sheehan, who stresses teamwork, expects his freshman players to play as a team and not as individuals.

Mr. Kibbe will be working with a veteran team consisting of senior returnees Dick Chandler, Jack Michalak, Bobby Morin, and Howie Mosher. Other varsity returnees include Sam Provo and Billy Turgeon. New members to this year's varsity squad include Richard Anderson, Larry Cadorette, Richard Girard, Bob Leger, and Wayne Morse.

Because of the delay and cancelling of the Agawam-Chicopee football game, the opening game of the basketball season will be Tuesday night, December 17, when Ludlow invades Agawam. The freshman team will begin their season on December 13 against West Springfield in a home game.

## History Students Hear William Shirer

Miss Cushing's history classes have taken an active interest in field trips. Six students went with Miss Cushing to the University of Massachusetts to listen to William Shirer, the author of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, speak on Monday, November 18. The students enjoyed both the speaker and the University very much, expressing a desire to take other trips.

The six students who went were Woody Brown, John Kelch, Janet Perreault, John Pranulis, and Jack Quinn. The comments of the students were very enthusiastic.

Janet Perreault said, "Mr. Shirer was an excellent speaker. I learned many new things!"

John Pranulis said, "Shirer was a tremendous speaker. It was a rewarding experience."

**BUY THE AGAWAM MIRROR**

Sam Provo zeros in for a jump shot during practice while Bill Polopek waits his turn.

# Clubs to Hold Christmas Parties

Christmas is just around the corner and to celebrate it the following clubs are holding Christmas parties:

The International Relations Club is holding its Christmas party on December 9. Food, games, an exchange of gifts, and a guest speaker are on the agenda.

Mrs. Kelley's advanced cooking class made eight dozen peanut butter cookies for the Junior Red Cross to send to the VA Hospital. The following girls helped in the preparations: Emily Attardi, Karen Dezielle, Theresa Dalla Pegorara, Sandra Lang, Susan Leger, Susan Letendra, Barbara Los, Karen Masi, Mary McIver, Diane Makuch, Janice Melbourne, Christine Nelson, Elaine Porlier, Linda Regnier, and Noreen Roberts.

The Drama Club will hold a short business meeting with a panel discussion after which refreshments will be served and gifts exchanged.

Members of the Future Nurses' Club are making place mats for Mercy Hospital. They will have both refreshments and an exchange of gifts at their party on December 12 in Room 6. For entertainment there will be a panel discussion given by the seniors for the underclassmen.

Pere Noel, Santa Claus, is coming to the French Club's Christmas party on December 9 in Room 45. There will be cadeaux (presents) and chansons (songs).

The Personality Club is also having Santa at their party. Presents, games, and refreshments will be provided. This party will take place on December 10.

The Future Teachers' Club party will be held in the library on December 16. Refreshments will be served. Officers of the committee are president, Marsha Della Giustina; and refreshments, Helen Loncto. Some games to be played are Name Tag, Famous Person, and the Cloth game.

The Latin Club is holding a ceremony consisting of a Roman animal sacrifice in which all attending will wear typical Roman togas. The officers of this club are president, Richard Brueninger; vice-president, Roger Tyler; secretary, Marsha Della Giustina; and treasurer, Carol Bartolucci. Mrs. Kalloch is the advisor.

Each year members of the Spanish Club, El Circulo Espanol, make a pinata which they decorate and use for their party. This year's pinata is a big clay vessel decorated to represent an animal and filled with candy and presents. A blindfolded person attempts to break the pinata which is suspended from the ceiling. When broken, the goodies scatter all around and people scurry to collect them. Refreshments (refrescos) will be typically Mexican with orange sand tarts (polvorones de naranja), little cakes in paper cases (Manticases de astorga), almond and nut macaroons (camaronites de almendra), Mexican wedding cakes (mantecadas de boda), and candy (dulces). There will also be hot chocolate drink flavored with cinnamon and coffee, topped off with ice cream. Games and Christmas carols (villanicos) are also included.

## I.R.C. CLUB

One of the oldest clubs at Agawam High is the International Relations Club, advised by Mr. Henry Drabik.

I.R.C. has something to interest every student. Guest speakers from all over the world talk to the members about life in their native countries. Colorful movies are shown during the meetings to acquaint members with the customs and problems that are common in other parts of the world.

The club takes an annual trip to the United Nations Building in New York to attend conferences. Last year several Agawam students participated in the Model U.N. held at Amherst.

This year's officers are president, Becky McCave; vice-president, Bob Swanson; secretary, Barbara Bishop; treasurer, Roger Tyler.

The Agawam and West Side cheerleaders in a playful mood, built a pyramid after the pre-game exchange rally at Agawam High School.

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